THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. III.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, February* 28, 1807. [No. 9.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

"Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
"Tenets with books, and principles with times."

WHY is it, Mr. Oldschool, that so much has been said against Fashion and her votaries? As long as we are acquainted with the history of the polite world, and perhaps ages earlier, it has been the humour of more than half mankind to inveigh bitterly against the prevailing habits, manners, and opinions of the day. Why has no defence been advanced of the practices of every body? Is it because the accusers are too numerous or too respectable? Or is it not rather because no one has thought it worth his labour to deny assertions that nobody believed, or refute arguments that were devoid of reason? Whatever may be the cause, the fact is certain, that daws, generation after generation, have forever been pecking at honours above their reach, and condemning the times for their own follies, errours and vices. These *acti temporis laudatores* indulge themselves in *sighing away Sundays*, in fruitless railings at they know not what, and wishes that they could live, they know not how; until, filled with spleen, vapours, ennui, and other amiable companions of idleness, they exclaim

Let *this* pernicious hour,
Stand aye accursed in the kalendar.

Now, for my part, I humbly conceive we are not a jot worse, less happy, or more uncomfortable than our ancestors were before us, or our posterity are likely to be in time to come.

I know a number of these discontented beings, and I have ever found that whatever their age, sex or condition may be, they have all turned *railers* because some favourite object in the hill of their ambition has vanished from their grasp before they could mount to its reach. They are generally of these three classes; coxcombs, madmen, and a numerous and respectable order of living things vulgarly ycleped *old maids*. And here let me observe, this term *old maids*, has no limitation of sex, but the male maids are quite as plentiful an article, and quite as uneasy as the female. Both together form a degree, sometimes termed tabbies, solitaries, or what you will.

The coxcomb is, perhaps, the most extensive circle in society, and indeed is diffused over every other. It is often used as a *nomen generalissimum*, and as such is perfectly understood. But besides its generick signification, it is used particularly; thus we say coxcombs in love, coxcombs in physick, in law, in writing, and in fashion. The last species are they to whom I now allude. Discontented with every thing, but themselves, they assume

a prerogative of finding fault with all the world besides, and decry the practices of the present day, because forsooth, they have read or heard of better in another age or country.

By madmen I do not mean those who are so wild as to be caged or confined; or those who are so far gone as to show their distemper to the world, and who, therefore, pass unnoticed, however strange may be their conduct: no, they are those poor, disappointed, imposing maniacks, whose brains have been clouded by some unexpected obstacle in life. This may arise from difficulties in the great ladder of ambition, or in the circles of polished life, where losses at cards, or failures in wit are very apt to make men curse the one or the other; or, above all, in affairs of love. This love is a sore destroyer of reason, merriment and good fellowship. It is at best but a romantick, antiquated, unfashionable disease; and if unsuccessful, tortures the constitution mental and corporeal, more than all the disorders collected in the *Anatomie of Melancholie*. A disappointed lover is sure to find fault with every thing, and more especially with that fashionable intercourse which communicated the infection to his blood. Sometimes he falls into my third class of railers, and when that is the case, he is incorrigible indeed.

With the railing spinsters of forty, and upwards, I tremble to interfere, for they are "as full of quarrel as my young mistress's dog." In one respect, however, we cannot but commend their judgments; I mean, in their desires to restore dress to its ancient simplicity and innocence. The existing style of dressing must be wrong, improper, and indelicate of course; so it has been time out of mind; we must go back then for a proper period to imitate, until we arrive at the age of the bare-legged Britons; but they dressed fashionably, so we must retreat farther back still, and assume the fig leaves of mother Eve; or perhaps it were better to discard even those, as unnecessary encumbrances, and thus *reform* fashion *altogether*.

I must say, Mr. Oldschool, that I think we have every reason to be satisfied with the manners of our own day; and I most potently believe, their greatest enemies would rue the hour they should be thrown aside. Although they may not always *give ardour to virtue and confidence to truth*, yet they preserve the order of society, and tend to uphold the distinction between the *man* and the *fellow*; than which nothing can be more useful or important.

"Untune that string,
"And hark what discord follows, each thing meets
"In mere oppugnancy."

There may be, there must be, some evil practices in vogue; but would you extirpate every flower of the field because the luxuriance of the soil has given birth to some noxious weeds? The noblest things in nature are the most liable to abuse.

SALADIN.

An insect so contemptible as the Moth one would imagine to be unworthy the attention either of the naturalist or the philosopher. "The clown treads on it daily with his clouted shoon;" even children who chase the butterfly, neglect the Moth who has no splendour to attract their vagrant curiosity. But the eye of a poet seeth all things, as we read the ear of Jealousy heareth all things. A moral and female writer has thus ennobled this humble topick.

THE MOTH.

When dews fall fast, and rosy day
Fades slowly in the west away,
While evening breezes bend the future sheaves;
Votary of vesper's humid light,
The Moth, pale wanderer of the night,
From his green cradle comes among the whispering leaves.

The birds on insect life that feast,
Now in their woody coverts rest,
The swallow slumbers in his dome of clay,
And of the numerous tribes who war,
On the small denizens of air,
The shrieking bat alone is on the wing for prey.

Eluding him on lacey plume,
The silver Moth enjoys the gloom,
Glancing on tremuluous wings through twilight bowers,
Now flits where warm nasturtiums glow,
Now quivers on the jess'mine bough,
And sucks, with spiral tongue, the balm of sleeping flowers.

Yet if from open casement stream
The taper's bright as penny beam,

And strikes with comet ray his dazzled sight;
Nor perfum'd leaf nor honied flower
To check his wild career have power,
But to the attracting flame he takes his rapid flight.

Round it he darts in dizzy rings,
And soon his soft and powder'd wings
Are sing'd; and dimmer glow his pearly eyes,
And now his struggling feet are foil'd,
And scorch'd, entangled, burnt, and soil'd,
His fragile form is lost—the wretched insect dies.

Emblem too just of one whose way
Through the calm vale of life might lay,
Yet lur'd by Vanity's illusive fires,
Far from that tranquil vale aside
Like this poor insect suicide
Follows the fatal light, and in its flame expires!

OF THE GRECIAN PHILOSOPHERS.

Thrales the Milesian, and Pythagoras of Samos, were among the earliest and best of the Grecian philosophers: the latter is said, and with great probability, to have understood the true system of the Universe; and taught the transmigration of souls, as borrowed from the Gymnosophists or Indian Bramins.

The former, who lived six hundred years before Christ, was both an excellent moralist and natural philosopher, for so early a period. He is thought to be the first Grecian who merited the name of an astronomer.

Anaximander, Anaximenes, and afterwards Anaxagoras, improved upon the former discoveries; but the latter in particular, who had a wild, but sublime and extensive genius, and more accuracy of judgment than his predecessours.

Zeno was the founder of the stoical school; and Epicurus of that one that goes under his name to this day: both went to extremes; one founding happiness or the chief good on apathy, or an insensibility to pleasure and pain; the other on pleasure alone. Another sect, called the Eclectick, embraced a middle course between the two.

Socrates, the wisest and best of all the philosophers, followed very much this middle path; and was the purest both in practice and doctrine, of all the Grecian sages.

On account of his dedicating his studies and doctrines chiefly to morality, he is said to have first brought Philosophy from the heavens and the stars, about which she had hitherto been employed, to dwell in cities and societies of men.

Socrates was perhaps one of the best and greatest men of antiquity. As Homer was in poetry, he was without doubt the great fountain-head of all that was most valuable in the Grecian philosophy; and his morality seems to have approached the nearest of any to that of the great founder of the Christian faith.

In explaining his philosophy by familiar allusions and parables, he also resembled him.

The Greeks, therefore, at this period, were the most distinguished nation on earth for learning and arts. From the days of Homer and Hesiod, down to those of Sophocles and Euripides, we see them going on in one continued course of improvement. Philosophy went hand in hand with Literature; and, in the age of Aristotle, we believe it to be arrived at its highest pitch of refinement.

The excellent application which this philosopher made of it to poetry and eloquence; the laws he thence deduces with such justness and precision on the economy of these two arts, at once evince the uncommon acuteness of his genius, and point out a sure path to succeeding ages, to guide themselves in their intellectual exertions by the rules of right reason and common sense.

Plato, his cotemporary and fellow disciple, had merit; though of a different kind. He had more brilliance of fancy than solidity of judgment; hence his diction is often more elegant than his reasoning is just. But he has made amends for this by the universal good tendency of his morals, the serious grandeur of his thoughts, and the extraordinary beauty and splendour of his style. Add to this a simplicity joined with majesty; in which perhaps none of his countrymen, if we except Homer, ever equalled him. Xenophon, was his worthy disciple.

Theophrastus and Cebes followed; the former, both a moralist and natural philosopher, trod the steps of his master Aristotle. His *characters* are equally eminent for that justness of painting and sweetness of style; and are imitated by Bruyere and others.

His history of plants is allowed great merit by the naturalists.

As for Cebes, he has immortalized his fame by that Tablature of human life that passes under his name. The Visions of Mirza by Addison are a kind of distant imitation of this beautiful allegory; and though very striking, hardly equal to the original.

OF THE GRECIAN ORATORS—DEMOSTHENES CHARACTERIZED.

Demosthenes who flourished somewhat later than the above-mentioned writers, may, with justice, be styled the Prince of Grecian eloquence. Isocrates charms by the harmony of his periods; Lysias and Isæus by a certain attick grace; Eschines by a manly and copious oratory; but De-

mosthenes surpasses them all in fire, vehemence, precision, and closeness.

He excels in brevity, yet is clear and strong; his reasoning carries conviction in every word; he thunders, he lightens: he rolls his sentences with a kind of rapid harmony, yet seemingly without art; and in this way he overpowers us before we are aware.

From his conciseness arises his strength; he is never diffuse, nor, like Cicero, weakens his style by bestowing an additional word for the sake of rounding a period. He strives not to please, but to persuade; and his arguments are as strong and close as his style.

Upon the whole, he excels in that kind of eloquence which is the reverse of the copious, the sweet, or the flowery; his manner is ardent, concise, and simple; quite different from the Ciceronian, which is copious, flowery, and artificial.

What must we think of that eloquence that roused Greece, set on foot armies, shook the throne of Philip, and agitated the people to such a degree as to render them impatient to undertake the most arduous enterprises in defence of their country, and the destruction of tyranny? Such was the eloquence of Demosthenes.

OF THE GRECIAN DRAMATICK WRITERS.

Much about the above period flourished Sophocles and Euripides, these most exquisite tragedians, and glories of the Athenian stage.

Poetry now enjoyed her greatest triumph, when, to the most charming flowers of eloquence, she could join the wreath of virtue, and the palm of philosophy. Happy had this conjunction reformed the Athenian manners, as it delighted their fancy and wrought on their passions. But neither the sublimity of Sophocles, nor pathos of Euripides, produced this effect.

Eschylus, the father of Greek tragedy, was somewhat older than these; but still their cotemporary. He was the first who brought the drama from the Thespian cart to the stage. His character is sublimity and vehemence joined to rudeness and obscurity; which last throw a veil over his merit, and render him but little known. His two successours already mentioned, improved upon him considerably.

Euripides, as being the disciple of Socrates, is perhaps the most didactick and moral of all tragick authours, if we except Shakspeare. He is more pathetick than Sophocles, though not so sublime or descriptive. His diction, however, is sufficiently dignified and elegant; and his versification is possessed of the greatest ease, sweetness, and variety.

Besides the elegance, and pathos, so peculiar and delightful in these poets, one can never enough admire that chastity and purity of morals that predominate every where in their drama. Love, the hinge upon which modern tragedy seems to turn, is hardly noticed. The truth of history and nature is not violated to make room for a romantick passion that intoxicates the brain; and, if it does not corrupt, at best but amuses, without improving the heart.

As for Aristophanes, their cotemporary, and the father of the ancient comedy, notwithstanding his attick salt and elegance; he has too much of a rude buffoonery, and that too exerted against the most worthy characters, such as Socrates and Euripides, that cannot but disgust a well-formed taste, accustomed to the chaster strains of his two dramatick brethren.

Upon a comparison of these poets with the moderns, we must allow their plots are more simple and uniform; their characters in general more natural; their action and fable more important; and their language more harmonious and elegant. Their chorus, in particular, exhibits such a show of picturesque beauties as can hardly be paralleled in our times; besides its being in other respects, a suitable and agreeable accompaniment of the drama. However, it may be proper here to observe, that Milton has most happily imitated those choruses in his Comus and Sampson Agonistes; which display beauties of this kind not unworthy of the ancients.

On the other hand, the modern plays, from the strong mixture of love in them, are frequently more soft and tender than the ancient; but this tenderness too often degenerates into insipidity. Shakspeare alone, with little exception, has managed this passion with a true taste; no rant, no raving, no unnatural wildness; all the passions in him are touched with the hand of a master; and love, which appears among the rest, (accidentally introduced, not obtruded) speaks its own native language; the language of the utmost delicacy and tenderness.

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE GREEK WRITERS.

We have now carried the Greek writers to the age of Alexander the Great, when their language arrived at its greatest refinement.

What particularly distinguishes them is, first, a certain delicacy joined with sweetness, peculiar to themselves: secondly, a certain chastised elegance approaching to dryness.

Examples of the first kind are, Herodotus, Xenophon, Theocritus, Anacreon.

Of the second are: Pindar,* Thucydides, Demosthenes, Aristotle, Theophrastus.

The more raised and elevated writers are Homer, Plato, Lucian, Sophocles, Eschylus, Euripides.

Upon the whole, the compositions of the Greeks, like their architecture, boast those simple and sublime beauties that are the picture of nature and truth only; nothing is exaggerated or distorted; all is delicacy, grace, and sweet simplicity. What an idea do they give of the virtue and purity of a people that in their best times had never their equals; and still in their works shine to succeeding ages unrivalled patterns of beauty, simplicity, and unaffected greatness?

QUINTILIAN.

If any thing could give additional value to the writings of Quintilian, it is the epoch in which they were composed.

Marcus Fabius Quintilianus, was a Spaniard, born during the reign of the emperour Claudius, in the first christian century, and appointed by the government of Rome a publick teacher of rhetorick: he was also a barrister of great eminence; and after the laborious exercise of his two-fold office for twenty years, he gave lasting celebrity to retirement by the composition of an immortal work.

All his promised visions of happiness were, however, quickly dissipated by the loss of his wife and two sons; and he died in the year ninety-five, dejected in spirit, and poor in circumstances.

For fifty years the world were not in possession of his institutes, which were discovered by a monk of Florence in the tower of a monastery.

Quintilian is as praise-worthy for his resolution, as he is respectable for his talents. In a degenerate age he conceived the bold project of reviving sound eloquence, and of restoring it to its ancient rights.

He did this first by his example; for his pleadings, which are unfortunately lost, are said to have been the only ones that recalled the age of Augustus. He saw the pure eloquence of Cicero and Hortensius, although for a while sustained by Messala and Pollio, soon precipitated to its fall by a crowd of rhetoricians who every where opened schools for the art which they had disgraced. He became the restorer of learning; and received the consular fasces from the emperour Domitian, as a reward for the instruction which he had given to his nephews.

His institutes were written when he was sixty years of age; and though antiquity has transmitted his name to us with unbounded praise, and Martial calls him the glory of the Roman toga, still his invaluable work on the subject of oratory contains his most splendid eulogium.

It is divided into twelve books; and comprehends not only a perfect system for the contemplation of the orators, but an able criticism on the works of the Greek and Roman classicks. The general purport of the two first books, are precepts worthy the attention both of parents and of tutors. He shows the advantages of early application to study, and the preference of publick to private education, on the ground, that it better qualifies youth to live in society, for which they were destined. A lecture may be of more avail when given to an individual; but the form of publick schools, and the habit of publick and similar exercises, in his opinion excite genius by the spur of emulation. The sensations are more lively when they are not solitary, and learning in publick schools is diffused by contagion.

Quintilian conducts the young scholar through the instruction of his early years, to the study of eloquence; and in addition to languages and grammar, he recommends musick and geometry, as the one forms the ear and gives him the sentiment of harmony, and the other accustoms him to accuracy and method. He requires from him who prepares himself for eloquence, what Cicero recommends in his treatise "On a perfect Orator." The peroration of his first book is a noble instance of the enthusiasm of an accomplished scholar. Youth are so susceptible of false taste, that he exhorts them to adhere to the perusal of

* It is said that Thucydides formed himself upon the concise manner of Pindar.

the best authours; recommends Livy in preference to Sallust, but places Cicero before all others.

When he enters upon the subject of eloquence, he discusses all the frivolous questions which were then in vogue, and which are very uninteresting to us. He denies what we consider as a truth, that eloquence is the art of persuasion; and asserts what we probably may deny, that the name of orator does not belong to him, who is not at the same time eloquent and virtuous. With respect to the first question he says, the definition is incorrect, since eloquence is not the only thing that persuades, for that beauty, and tears, and mute supplications, persuade also. When Antony the orator, pleading for Aquilius, suddenly tears off the habit of the accused and exhibits the wounds he had received in fighting for his country; the Roman people cannot resist the spectacle, but absolve the criminal. The answer seems easy and obvious; the Roman people were not persuaded, they were moved: and to speak correctly, beauty charms, tears soften, but eloquence persuades.

With respect to his second objection, the instance of Cæsar may refute it. Cæsar, in the opinion of Cicero, was a very great orator, but he certainly would not have allowed him to be a virtuous character.

All the world will agree with Quintilian when he exalts the art of speaking, and shows the preeminence which it gives to man above all other animals; and a more attentive perusal of the writings of Cicero and Quintilian on the subject might probably tend to supply the great desideratum in an English education.

The art of eloquence, like other arts, is the effect of habit; and in so enlightened an age and country, it seems strange that an accomplished orator should still be regarded as a phænomenon. When ever it shall become a fashionable part of the education of youth to learn to convey their ideas with as much care as they have acquired them, the wise senator and the able speaker will more frequently be found in the same person; and no long exercise is required to evince the assertion of Horace, "that if the subject be well understood, words will spontaneously present themselves."

Quintilian, like Aristotle, mentions three kinds of oratorical composition, the demonstrative, the deliberative, and the judicial.

Funeral orations are of the first kind; amongst the ancients, these were delivered by the relations of the deceased.

Julius Cæsar, in pronouncing an eulogy on his aunt Julia, deduced their mutual origin from the goddess Venus on the one side, and from Ancus Martius, the fourth king of Rome, on the other. Thus, said he, you will find in my family the sanctity of kings, who are the masters of men; and the majesty of the gods, who are the masters of kings.

Marcellus had been one of the greatest enemies of Cæsar. Since the battle of Pharsalia he had retired to Mitylene, where he cultivated in peace that literature which he passionately loved. In an assembly of the people, his brother Caius threw himself at the feet of the dictator to obtain his return. Cæsar desired that the suffrages of the senators should be taken individually. He wished to hear Cicero on a question which might exhibit the sensibility of his friendship, and he was not deceived.

In place of a simple form of compliment, Cicero addresses to the dictator the most noble, the most pathetick, and at the same time the most patriotick speech, that gratitude, friendship, and virtue could dictate to an elevated soul. It is impossible to read it without admiration and emotion.

Blame is the predominant feature of another species of demonstrative eloquence, of which the first oration against Catiline, furnishes a specimen.

The deliberative eloquence is found in the writings of the historians, in the Philippicks of Demosthenes, and

in the orations of Cicero for the Manilian, and against the Agrarian law.

It may not be inopportune to observe that these Agrarian laws never were intended to attach upon private property, but only to divide certain conquered lands amongst a number of the poorer citizens. It was never a question, whether all the lands of the state should be equally divided amongst them, until the barbarians of the north enslaved all the polished countries of Europe. The most celebrated banditti of Rome, even the cut-throats of Catiline did not conceive this plan. When the tribune Rullus endeavoured to revive a law which was the stalking-horse of ambitious citizens, Cicero invited him to contest the point with him in publick, and nothing more was heard of that bugbear with which the tribunes had always been accustomed to terrify the senate.

The judicial kind of eloquence comprehends all the affairs which are brought before courts of justice. The most remarkable of this species was the dispute between Æschines and Demosthenes; and the defence of the latter is considered as the highest of the judicial kind.

In the Areopagus, a court remarkable for its purity, a crier was charged to interrupt the pleader, who wandered from his subject to endeavour to move the pity of the judges. In other courts, it was permitted the orator to assist himself with all his weapons; and in this art, Quintilian is of opinion that Cicero surpasses the Grecian orator.

In theory it seems either absurd or improper to attempt to make an impression upon a judge, who either is, or ought to be, an impassible being. Demonstrative eloquence is, in the opinion of Quintilian, susceptible of all the ornaments of art. Deliberative eloquence ought to be more severe and dignified; judicial eloquence, strong in proof and convincing in argument, free in expression, impetuous and impassioned, and lastly, powerful in exciting emotions in the judges. Of its five distinct parts, the exordium is to render the judges favourable and attentive, the narration to explain the fact, the confirmation to establish it by evidence, the refutation to destroy the arguments of the adverse party, the peroration to resume the substance of the discourse, and to engrave on the minds of the judges the impressions which it is most necessary to give them.

In this part of an oration, sensible objects were found to have the greatest effect. We see a tremendous example of it when Antony placed before the eyes of the Roman people the bloody robe of Cæsar. Quintilian mentions some instances in which the absurd exercise of this art entirely defeated its intention and its use. An advocate, pleading for a young woman whose husband had been assassinated, expected that a great effect would be produced if his portrait were exhibited to the judges at the peroration; but the persons to whom the office was entrusted, not knowing which was the peroration, every time the orator turned his head their way, failed not to hold out the portrait; which when the spectators beheld, they found that he whom the widow lamented so much was nothing but an old cripple. They immediately burst into laughter and thought no more of the pleader.

A certain person of the name of Glycon had brought a child into the court, with the hope that his tears and cries might soften his judges, and placed his tutor behind him to prompt him when he ought to begin. Glycon, full of confidence, addressed him at the critical period, and asked him why he wept? It is because my tutor pinches me! exclaimed the child. Thus ended all the hopes of the orator.

The business of a speaker is threefold, to instruct, to move, and to please. He instructs by reasoning, he moves by the pathetick, he pleases by elocution. In the latter are three predominant qualities, clearness, correctness, and ornament. Quintilian treats of the arrangement of words, of numbers, and harmony of periods. Every scholar, senator, and publick speaker,

will read him with pleasure and advantage; and although his object was to form his disciples for the Roman bar, and his work is more particularly applicable to their tribunals, yet it will open a wide field of instruction to every one who shall pursue the profession of the law in any age and in any country.

CLASSIFICATION OF CITIZENS.

(From Burke's Maxims.)

The legislators who framed the ancient republicks knew that their business was too arduous to be accomplished with no better apparatus than the metaphysicks of an under graduate, and the mathematicks and arithmeticks of an exciseman. They had to do with men, and they were obliged to study human nature. They had to do with citizens, and they were obliged to study the effects of those habits which are communicated by the circumstances of civil life. They were sensible that the operation of this second nature on the first produced a new combination; and thence arose many diversities amongst men, according to their birth, their education, their professions, the periods of their lives, their residence in towns or in the country, their several ways of acquiring and of fixing property, and according to the quality of the property itself, all which rendered them as it were so many different species of animals. Hence they thought themselves obliged to dispose their citizens into such classes, and to place them in such situations in the state as their peculiar habits might qualify them to fill, and to allot to them such appropriated privileges as might secure to them what their specifick occasions required, and which might furnish to each description such force as might protect it in the conflict caused by the diversity of interests, that must exist, and must contend, in all complex society: for the legislator would have been ashamed, that the coarse husbandman should well know how to assort and to use his sheep, horses, and oxen, and should have enough of common sense not to abstract and equalize them all into animals, without providing for each kind an appropriate food, care, and employment; whilst he, the economist, disposer, and shepherd of his own kindred, subliming himself into an airy metaphysician, was resolved to know nothing of his flocks but as men in general. It is for this reason that Montesquieu observed very justly, that in their classification of the citizens, the great legislators of antiquity made the greatest display of their powers, and even soared above themselves. It is here that your modern legislators have gone deep into the negative series, and sunk even below their own nothing. As the first sort of legislators attended to the different kinds of citizens, and combined them into one commonwealth, the others, the metaphysical and alchemistical legislators, have taken the direct contrary course. They have attempted to confound all sorts of citizens, as well as they could, into one homogeneous mass; and then they divide this amalgama into a number of incoherent republicks. They reduce men to loose counters, merely for the sake of simple telling, and not to figures whose power is to arise from their place in the table. The elements of their own metaphysicks might have taught them better lessons. The troll of their categorical table might have informed them that there was something else in the intellectual world besides *substance* and *quantity*. They might learn from the catechism of metaphysicks that there were eight heads more,* in every complex deliberation, which they have never thought of, though these, of all the ten, are the subject on which the skill of man can operate any thing at all. So far from this able disposition of some of the old republican legislators, which follows with a solicitous accuracy the moral conditions and propensities of men, they have levelled and crushed together all the orders which they found, even under the coarse unartificial arrangement of the monarchy, in

* Qualitas, Relatio, Actio, Passio, Ubi, Quando, Situs, Habitus.

which mode of government the classing of the citizens is not of so much importance as in a republick. It is true, however, that every such classification, if properly ordered, is good in all forms of government; and composes a strong barrier against the excesses of despotism, as well as it is the necessary means of giving effect and permanence to a republick. For want of something of this kind, if the present project of a republick should fail, all securities to a moderated freedom fail along with it; all the indirect restraints which mitigate despotism are removed; insomuch that if monarchy should ever again obtain an entire ascendancy in France, under this or under any other dynasty, it will probably be, if not voluntarily tempered at setting out, by the wise and virtuous counsels of the prince, the most completely arbitrary power that has ever appeared on earth. This is to play a most desperate game.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

SONG—BY DIBDIN.

If bold and brave thou can'st not bear
Thyself from all thou lov'st to tear,
If, while winds, war, and billows roll,
A spark of fear invades thy soul,
If thou'rt appall'd when cannons roar,
I pray thee, messmate, stay ashore:

There, like a lubber,
Whine and blubber,
Still for thy ease and safety busy,
Nor dare to come,
Where honest Tom,
And Ned, and Nick,
And Ben, and Phil,
And Jack, and Dick,
And Bob, and Bill,
All weathers sing, and drink the swizzy.

If, should'st thou lose a limb in fight,
She who made up thy heart's delight,
Poor recompense that thou art kind,
Shall prove inconstant as the wind,
If such hard fortune thou'st deplore,
I pray thee, messmate, stay ashore:

There like a lubber, &c.

If pris'ner in a foreign land,
No friend, no money at command,
That man thou trusted hadst alone
All knowledge of thee should disown;
If this should vex thee to the core,
I pray thee, messmate, stay ashore.

There, like a lubber, &c.

In large bodies, the circulation of power must be less vigorous at the extremities. Nature has said it. The Turk cannot govern Ægypt, and Arabia, and Curdistan, as he governs Thrace: nor has he the same dominion in Crimea and Algiers, which he has at Brusa and Smyrna. Despotism itself is obliged to truck and huckster. The sultan gets such obedience as he can. He governs with a loose reign, that he may govern at all; and the whole of the force and vigour of his authority in his centre, is derived from a prudent relaxation in all his borders. Spain, in her provinces, is, perhaps, not so well obeyed, as you are in yours. She complies to; she submits; she watches times. This is the immutable condition, the eternal law, of extensive and detached empire.

The following old and humorous song was a great favourite of Burns. The two last stanzas have peculiar beauty, and the effect decribed in the last is acknowledged by many an honest fellow.

When I have a sixpence under my thumb,
Then I 'll get credit in ilka town;
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gae by;
Oh, Poverty parts good company,
Todlin hame, todlin hame,
O cou'd na' my love come todlin hame.

Fair fa' the good wife and send her good sale,
She gives us white bannocks to drink her ale;
Syne that if her tuppony chance to be sma',
We 'll tak' a good scour o't and ca'l away.
Todlin hame, todlin hame,
As round as a neap come todlin hame.

My Kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
And twa pint stoups at our bed's feet,
And ay when we waken'd we drank them dry;
What think ye of my wee Kimmer and I,
Todlin hame, and todlin hame,
Sae round as my love comes todlin hame.

Leeze me, on liquor, my todlin dou
Ye're ay sae good humour'd when wetting your mou',

When sober sae sour, ye'll fight with a flea,
That 'tis a blithe sight to the bairns and me
When todlin hame, todlin hame,
When round as a neap you come todlin hame.

—

Of all things, Wisdom is the most terrified with epidemical fanatacism, because of all enemies it is that against which she is the least able to furnish any kind of resource.

—

It is a great mistake, that the desire of securing property is universal among mankind. Gaming is a principle inherent in human nature. It belongs to us all.

—

When Southey, in a mood of political discontent wrote the following ingenious lines, there was no room for querulousness. The British Constitution to which he alludes was neither rotten nor decayed. It was more vigorous than ever. Although therefore the application to England cannot be made, yet he who in America adverts to what we once were, to what we might be, and to what we are, will soon see that the oak of our national strength and dignity is rotten to the very core.

THE OAK OF OUR FATHERS.

Alas for the oak of our *fathers*, that stood
In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood!

It grew and it flourish'd for many an age,
And many a tempest wreak'd on it its rage,
But when its strong branches were bent with the blast,
It struck its roots deeper and flourish'd more fast.

Its head tower'd high, and its branches spread round,
For its roots were struck deep, and its heart it was sound,
The bees o'er its honey-dew'd foliage play'd,
And the beasts of the forest fed under its shade.

The oak of our fathers to Freedom was dear,
Its leaves were her crown, and its wood was her spear.
Alas! for the oak of our fathers, that stood
In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood!

There *crept* up an *ivy*, and clung round the trunk,
It struck deep in its mouth, and its juices it drunk;
The branches grew sickly, depriv'd of their food,
And the oak was no longer the pride of the wood.

The foresters saw, and they gather'd around,
Its roots still were fast, and its heart still was sound;
They lopt off the boughs that so beautiful spread,
But the ivy they spar'd on its vitals that fed.

No longer the bees o'er its honey-dews play'd
Nor the beasts of the forest fed under its shade;
Lopt and mangled the trunk in its ruin is seen,
A monument now what its beauty has been.

The oak has received its incurable wound,
They have loosen'd the roots, though the heart may be sound;
What the travellers at a distance green flourishing see,
Are the leaves of the *ivy* that *poison'd* the tree.

Alas! for the oak of our FATHERS, that stood
In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood!

—

EDMUND BURKE, speaking, on a certain occasion, of his own temper, has so exactly described the spirit of a virtuous adventurer, that we cannot refrain from copying the paragraph.

"*Nitor in adversum*" is the motto for a man like me. I possessed not one of the qualities nor cultivated one of the arts that recommend men to favour and protection. I was not *made for a minion or a tool.* As little did I *follow the trade* of winning the hearts, by imposing on the understandings of the *people*. At every step of my progress in life (for in every step I was traversed and opposed) and at every turnpike I met, I was obliged to *show my passport*, and again and again to *prove* my TITLE TO THE HONOUR OF BEING USEFUL TO MY COUNTRY. I have no arts, but *manly* arts. On them I have stood, and please God, to the last gasp will I stand.

—

It is laughable to find old Rétif de la Bretone emulating the naïveté of Florian. There is as much difference between them as between a Satyr and a Grace.

Kotsebue, in his last Tour to Paris, mentions having met this old liquorish goat in a polite coterie; pour le coup, he ought to have said *il etait amene la par la chaussure provoquant d' Amable.* (Vide Rétif's Nouvelles Contemporaines.) For the honour of the fair Parisians I hope Rétif's Adelaide Martin, and Amable Gauthier are stories not founded on modern manners, but the offspring of a prurient brain.

IMPROMPTU,

After a visit to Mrs. ——, of Montreal.

'Twas but for a moment—and yet in that time
She crowded th' impressions of many an hour;
Her eye had a glow like the sun of her clime,
Which wak'd every feeling at once into flower.

Oh! could we have stol'n but one rapturous day
To renew such impressions again and again,
The things we should look, and imagine, and say
Would be worth all the life we had wasted till then!

What we had not the leisure or language to speak
We should find some more exquisite mode of revealing,
And between us, should feel just as much in a week
As others would take a millenium in feeling!

—

Gibbon, somewhere, talks in the following style, which, doubtless, will be considered as an abomination by every whig.

I was returned at the general election for the borough of Leskeard. I took my seat at *the beginning of the memorable contest* between Great Britain and America, and supported with many a sincere and silent vote, the *rights*, though not perhaps the *interest* of the mother country.

—

When I lov'd you I can't but allow
I had many an exquisite minute;
But the scorn that I feel for you now
Hath even more luxury in it.

Thus, whether we're on or we're off,
Some witchery seems to await you;
To love you is pleasant enough,
And oh! 'tis delicious to hate you.

—

From the Repertory.

COLIN AND ECHO.

Where lofty beeches form a shade,
Close by a river's side,
Young Colin sung of Adelaide,
And Echo thus replied:

Colin—O charming little Adelaide,
Indeed I love thee well;
Echo—well?

Colin—And many a tale my charming maid,
Of early love could tell.
Echo—tell.

Colin—But tho' my bosom fondly swell,
The tale I dare not try;
Echo—try.

Colin—And Echo too my heart will tell
Where now enchain'd you lie.
Echo—you lie.

Colin—But why should Colin linger here,
And mutual love forego?
Echo—go!

Colin—Yet would she not? ah! much I fear
The maid would answer no.
Echo—no.

Colin—And what should I, poor simple boy
Thus cover'd with chagrin?
Echo—grin.

Colin—O what if she, ah hopeless joy!
Should ask her Colin in?
Echo—in in!

Colin—O let me haste to Adelaide
And all her frowns defy.
Echo—fy!

Colin—And who for such a lovely maid
Would e'er refuse to die?
Echo—I.

—

Goldsmith has finely described the delights of a *summer* evening in the country. One of our own writers has, in the Monthly Anthology, painted the brightness of his *winter* fire, and we commend the artist for his ingenuity.

I like to sit in my study in a winter evening, when the wind blows clear, and the fire burns bright. If I am alone, I sometimes love to muse loosely on a thousand flits of the imagination; to remark the gentle agitations of the flame; to eye the mouse, that listens at his knot hole, and then runs quick across the hearth; or dwell long on the singing of the wood, when the heat drives out the sap. I believe that such reverie softens the heart, while it relaxes the body, for thus the senses are gratified in miniature. In the first I have the *softest colours, and the sweetest and most various undulations*, and in the gentle musick of the green stick there is melody for fairies. No sense is particularly excited by my grey, silk-footed, and crumb-nibbling animal, but perhaps he might teach me a lesson of prudence, not to set out on a journey, till I have inquired the dangers and difficulties of the way. While I am in this state of lonely musing, I sometimes lapse unknowingly into grief; for *my guardians are dead, and my friends are far from me*, my years are hastening away, "and evening with its hollow blast murmurs of pleasures never to return." But

this state I do not like to indulge, for sorrow grows by musing: I therefore rouse myself from fears that dishearten, to studies that strengthen or exhilirate me; and when I have lighted a çigarr, and put on more wood, I track Park to the banks of the Niger, or I mount the walls of Rome with "Bourbon and revenge," and close the evening with an act from Shakspeare, the best of poets and the wisest of writers.

—

SONG—BY DIBDIN.

A voyage at sea and all its strife,
Its pleasure and its pain,
At every point resembles life:
Hard work for little gain.
The anchor's weigh'd, smooth is the flood,
Serene seems every form,
But soon alas! comes on the scud,
That speaks the threat'ning storm.
The towering masts in splinters shivering,
The useless sails in tatters quivering,
Thunder rolling, lightning flashing,
Waves in horrid tumult dashing,
Foam along the dreary shore.
Still while tars sit round so jolly
The sprightly flute calls care a folly;
Aloft, alow, afloat, aground,
Let but the smiling grog go round,
And storms are heard no more.

The voyage through life is various found,
The wind is seldom fair,
Though to the Straits of Pleasure bound
Too oft we touch at Care;
Impervious dangers we explore,
False friends, some faithless she;
Pirates and sharks are found ashore
As often as at sea.
A lowering storm, from envy brewing;
Shall at a distance menace ruin,
While Slander, Malice, and Detraction
A host of fiends shall bring in action,
And plant Care's thorns at every pore.
Yet round to sweet domestick duty
Some manly imp or infant beauty
Clings round his neck, or climbs his knees,
Each thorn's pluck'd out, pain's turn'd to ease,
And storms are heard no more.

The ship towers gaily on the main,
To fight its country's cause,
And bids the obedient world maintain
Its honours and its laws;
Nor from surrounding danger shrinks
Till sacrificed to fame;
Death dealing round, she nobly sinks
Only to live in name.
And so the man: his ample measure
Fill'd with alternate pain and pleasure,
Till long in age and honour living,
Life's strength worn out, a lesson giving
To those he leaves his well-got store.
Mild Hope and Resignation greeting,
The playful soul in inches fleeting
Makes onward to its native skies,
While gasping Nature pants and dies,
And storms are heard no more.

—

No species of architecture is better calculated for the dwelling of *heavenly pensive contemplation* than the Gothick; it has a powerful tendency to fill the mind with sublime, solemn, and religious sentiments; the antiquity of the Gothick churches contribute to increase that veneration which their form and size inspire. We naturally feel a respect for a fabrick into which we know that our forefathers have entered with reverence, and which has stood the assault of many centuries, and of a thousand storms.

—

TO THE MEMORY OF ADMIRAL NELSON.

Written in America.

To thy great soul all danger was the same,
The path of death was but the path to fame.
How near by deeds are mighty souls allied!
Thus Wolfe, and thus the god-like Theban died.
No vulgar death concludes a life so great,
The common actor meets a common fate:
A slow disease consumes his active fire;
Safe on the couch let such a soul expire:
But noble deeds should meet a noble doom,
And in the trophy find a glorious tomb;
A tomb that draws from ev'ry eye the tear,
A hero's tomb to all mankind is dear.
Fame crowns the valiant Nelson as he dies,
And makes the scene immortal where he lies.

—

I once thought that a man of much vivacity was not capable of entering into the details of business: I now see, that he, who is certainly a man of wit, can continue methodically the necessary routine of business, with the patience and perseverance of the greatest dunce that ever drudged in a compting house.

—

THE THREE SIGHS,
OR, SORROW, HOPE, AND BLISS.

Near yonder cliff there stands a cot,
Long favour'd by the foaming tide;
When Edward left the much-lov'd spot,
With parting kiss fair Anna sigh'd—
"With Edward's presence bless'd today,
"But sad will be tomorrow:
"Adieu! adieu!" she scarce could say,
And heav'd the sigh of Sorrow.

Some months had pass'd in silent grief,
When Reason's voice resum'd its sway;
She knew complaint ne'er gave relief,
So grew resign'd from day to day.
Oft from the cliff she'd plaintive cry,
"He may return tomorrow;"
While thus she sang, Hope's rising sigh
Reliev'd the sigh of Sorrow.

And now the vessel homeward steer'd,
She saw the well-known token wave—
(The faithful sight her bosom cheer'd)
The token she at parting gave.
Fond Edward cried, with ardent kiss—
"Thou shalt be mine tomorrow!"
While thus he spake, the sigh of Bliss
Dispell'd the sigh of Sorrow.

—

Whom do the *jacobins* mean by the word *people?* That desperate crowd, studious of novelty, which a demagogue can rake from any kennel in any city? What honest man in the community but wishes that such creatures should be coerced to decency by the *whip* of the beadle. Grave authority, watching the ark of government, should hold no other language than *Dryden's:*

Nor shall the RASCAL RABBLE here have place,
Whom men no TITLES gave, and God no grace.

—

SONG.

Lov'd friend of my youth! Why dwell you no more
Mid the scenes of affection so dear?
Why still dost thou wander from home far away,
Why linger with strangers so many a day,
Tho' the dark storm that shaded thy prospect is o'er,
Tho' fled is pale Misery's tear!

O say, is the form thou so fondly didst love,
Eras'd from thy still valu'd heart?
Do the warm glowing feelings thou cherish'd awhile,
No longer the tear of remembrance beguile?
O say, do the visions that happiness wove
No longer their magick impart?

Ah! yet ere the gay tints of beauty are fled
Ere the rose of delight blooms no more,
Come wand'rer belov'd! to Emma, O come,
The tribute of rapture shall welcome thee home;
And the chaplet of bliss that once circled thy head,
Affection's warm breath shall restore.

—

A linkboy asked Dr. Burgess the preacher, if he would have a light. "No child," says the doctor, "I am one of the lights of the world." "I wish then," replied the boy, "you were hung up at the end our alley, for it is a devilish dark one."

—

Lines addressed to a Lady who had remarked that her heart was often sad when she seemed gay, and that she frequently retired to indulge her tears when the festive circle had withdrawn.

And canst thou act so false a part,
As feign a joy thou dost not feel?
And canst thou a dejected heart
Beneath imposing smiles conceal?

Or rather—why should secret grief
That gentlest bosom thus annoy?
Why thus impel to seek relief
From tears that stain the cheek of joy?

But I may not the cause inquire:
The heart alone its sorrow knows,
And oft delighteth to retire,
By all unseen to weep its woes.

And sure the tear that dims thine eye,
The sigh that heaves thy tender heart,
Are dearer far than all the joy
That mirth and jollity impart.

—

In a new work of uncommon excellence, one of the Royal Academicians, a man of various genius, at once a painter and a poet, thus poignantly expresses his contempt for the coxcombs of modern philosophy.

Ungrac'd, ungracious, dull, demure and vain,
A cavilling, cold, pert, disputatious train;
The nation's obloquy, the time's offence,
Infest philosophy and torture sense;
Pervert all truth, proscribe each finer art,
Fire the weak head, and freeze the feeling heart;
Adrift in Passion's tempest turn the mind,
And cut the moral cables of mankind;
In patchwork of exploded follies wrought,
Close quilted in good housewifery of thought,
Their heads with straws from Rousseau's stubble crown'd,
Our metaphysick madmen rave around,
With Kings and Priests they wage eternal war,
And laws and life's strait waiscoat they abhor,
As crafty means to cheek the mind's career,
And put inspir'd philosophers in fear;
To cramp the energies of soul and sense,
And constitute enjoyment an offence.
What food for ridicule! what room for wrath!
When Study works up Folly to a froth!
When Dullness bubbling o'er Ambition's fire,
In cloud and smoke and vapour will aspire;
Through each foul funnel of the press will rise,
And fill with fog the intellectual skies.

So many ridiculous things occur every day in the world, that men who are endowed with that degree of sensibility which usually accompanies genius, find it very difficult to maintain a continued gravity. This difficulty is abundantly felt in the grave and learned professions of law, physick and divinity; and the individuals who have been most successful in surmounting it, and who never deviate from the solemnity of established forms, have not been always the most distinguished for real knowledge or genius; though generally they are most admired by the multitude, who are very apt to mistake that gravity for wisdom, which proceeds from a literal weight of brain, and muddiness of understanding. Mistakes of the same kind are frequently made in forming a judgment of books, as well as men. Those which profess a formal design to instruct and reform, and carry on the work methodically, till the reader is lulled into repose, have passed for deep and useful performances: while others, replete with original observations and real instruction, have been treated as frivolous, because they are written in a familiar style, and the precepts conveyed in a sprightly and indirect manner.

—

MUSICK,

By William Strode, who died in 1644.

When whispering streams do softly steal
With creeping passion thro' the heart;
And when at every touch we feel
Our pulses beat and bear a part;
When threads can make
A heart-string quake,
Philosophy
Can scarce deny
The soul can melt in harmony.

O lull me, lull me! charming air,
My sense is rock'd with wonders sweet;
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,
Soft like a spirit's are thy feet;
Grief who need fear
That hath an ear?
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony.

—

The grand scale on which the beauties of nature appear in Switzerland and the Alps, has been considered by some as too vast for the pencil; but among the sweet hills and vallies of Italy, her features are brought nearer the eye, are fully seen and understood, and appear in all the bloom of rural loveliness. Tivoli, Albano, and Frescati, therefore, are the favourite abodes of the landscape painters who travel to this country for improvement; in the opinion of some, these delightful villages furnish studies better suited to the powers of their art, than even Switzerland itself. Nothing can surpass the admirable assemblage of hills, meadows, lakes, cascades, gardens, ruins, groves, and terraces, which charm the eye as you wander among the shades of Frescati and Albano, which appear in new beauty as they are viewed from different points, and captivate the beholder with endless variety.

—

TO JANE ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Come, Queen of the Fairies, so rosy and gay,
We must crown you with flowers as the daughter of May,
And pluck from these groups that enamel the earth,
A garland to honour the day of your birth.

First the Cowslip so sweet, with her bright yellow bells,
And the Violet, whose fragrance all other excels,
And the blue Perywinkle just under the wall,
And the Hyacinth that rises so stately and tall.

We'll forget not the Primrose so modest and shy,
Nor her neighbour the Daisy that blushes hard by;
Nor the powder'd Auricula gracefully bold,
With his cousin the Polyanth' crested with gold.

From the Almond's pink blossom we'll borrow a spray,
And the rich scented Wallflower a tribute must pay,
The Jonquil and Pansy their beauties unite,
And the sweet humble Lily be drawn to the light.

With a garland so beauteous, such bright auburn hair,
What form with my Darling's can fancy compare?
Yet a garland more beauteous her breast may adorn,
Than courts the soft dew drops of May's lucid morn.

If mild and good humour'd, obliging and kind,
The fruits of the heart aid the blossoms of mind;
If Duty and Love join with Spirit and Ease,
They form the dear chaplet that always will please.

Wear these in your bosom, my sweet little Jane,
And the flowers that we prize will unfaded remain;
Tho' beauty may vanish and fortune grow cold,
Yet the garland of Virtue will never wax old.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Still thought recals those hours of bliss
That swiftly in her presence flew;
Again imprints the parting kiss,
When scarcely we could say adieu.

Still fondly treasures ev'ry word
That flow'd persuasive from her tongue,
Each vow that I with rapture heard,
Each wish that in our bosoms sprung.

—

For The Port Folio.

SONG,

Translated from the Gaelick.

1.

Health and joy to the charmer I saw yesternight,
Thy merits surpass Albion's beauties so bright,
Innum'rable gifts on thee Nature bestows
Which rang'd by thy wisdom fresh graces disclose.

2.

For certainly Nature to thee hath been kind
Whom she makes beauty's queen with no follies to blind;
No pride, no conceit, not a fault we behold,
Among females you stand like a diamond in gold.

3.

One third of thy beauties no words can express,
Thy white heaving bosom, thy shape, air, and face;
Thy colour so lovely, tap'ring fingers so fair
Adapted to fancy-works tasteful and rare.

4.

While one Briton lives thy dear mem'ry remains,
O, fairest of damsels! high blood fills thy veins;
How sweet is thy breath, and what fire in thy glance,
How graceful to musick thou mov'st in the dance.

5.

Thy teeth like the chalk-moisten'd coral surrounds
Whence a voice more harmonious than organs resounds.
Unless there should lurk imperfections unseen
Thy symmetry equals bright Venus the queen.

—

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The pedantry of the following rhapsody will, perhaps, find an excuse in the reading it displays. And I am sure that an attempt to extract amusement from a very irksome task, if it do not meet the general taste, will please those of your readers, who are employed in the education of youth.

THE DAY—PART I.

At seven just I lift my head,
What, says Hurry, still in bed!
You might have ta'en a morning walk,
But, hark! the children how they talk.
You 'll hinder breakfast, quickly rise,
A sluggard never gain'd a prize.
Thus sharply rous'd, my vest I snatch,
But stopping, turn to look my watch;
What, only seven! Sloth exclaims,
And rising too, my master dreams;
As little ease to any falls,
Why make it less ere business calls;
Or longer from yourself conceal,
That lounging 's better than a meal;
Consider, sir, it 's hardly light,
And pleasanter to sit at night:
Besides you have three quarters good;
It 's cold, and bears* dislike the wood.
Up late, and rising early too
Is more than mortal man can do.
I 'm sorry more I can't relate,
For John† broke up the strange debate:
"Sir, breakfast waits," on Sloth I frown,
And bawl, I 'm just a coming down.
Good morning, sir, your eyes are red,
Perhaps with laying long in bed,
Or rather sitting up at night,
Sir, one or t'other 's surely right.
We drink our tea and munch our toast,
As silent as the Samian host;
And breakfast ends without a joke,
For where 's the wit where nothing 's spoke.
I slowly move along to school,
To exercise an irksome rule;
Behold me come to Wilson's door,
This morning 's cold! your lips are sore,
Bit by the frost, I look for rain,
Sit down, sir—No, I can't remain,
Your servant, sir, it 's just my hour,
Ha!—here 's a boat, some tidings sure.
For longer stay I lack pretence,
And therefore march to scatter sense.
The school assembl'd, Dick proceeds,
And from the British story reads

* Several bears had been seen in the road.
† The servant boy.

How Rosamond, that beauteous maid,
Was, for pure love, to death betray'd;
How stern Dunstan hating evil,
With pincers hot torments the devil,
Old Nick, as all the monks depose,
Roar'd loud while Dunstan burnt his nose,
And swore it prick'd him to the quick,
To lose his nose by such a trick.
Robert comes— this word? what gabble,
Silence! bless me! what a rabble;
This * sentence, sir, I can't explain,
Why Cæsar argues might and main,
That souls are mortal—death a sleep,
Where man shall neither sing nor weep.
Sir, sense for Libra can't be found;
Tut, man! it means a Roman pound,
There Nepos† gives the Roman praise,
But flattery always must debase;
This Atticus was each man's friend,
If gifts to friendship can pretend,
The vile, ambitious, and the proud,
The learn'd, wretch'd and the good,
Intreated humbly for his aid,
And always had their wants allay'd;
Time never blasts his cautious aim,
And truth confirms the dastard name.
Sir, Terence‡ paints a droll disease,
Which, trust me, doctors can't appease,
Phadria in a passion swore
His mistress' face to see no more,
Till two whole days were come and spent,
And out of town he quickly went;
These days to kill, apart from harm,
In dulness at his country farm;
But all in vain—he pass'd his house,
Nor knew it more than Madam Goose,
And looking round for sweet repose,
Back straightway to his mistress goes.
I'll thank you, master, to explain
What Ovid's|| florid lines contain,
Bold Jason begs his cunning wife,
To renovate his father's life;
His wife, submissive, gladly goes
Nine days and nights without repose,
To gather herbs through hill and dale,
Invoke the gods, and chant her spell.
Returning thence she fills a pot,
With vervain, hellebore, and soot;
With plants cut up by Luna's light,
Owls' bills and wings, a sorry sight,
The scales and entrails of a snake,
And eke the gizzard of a rake,
The liver of a stag she takes,
Because his life seven ages makes,
And also adds his head and chin,
With poppy juice to make it thin—
She makes this curious mixture boil,
And stirs it till it 's thick as oil:
Behold, she cuts old Eson's throat,
Whose senile blood 's too thin to cloat;
The blood expell'd, the juice she gives,
And notice, Eson 's young and lives;
As fresh he looks as heretofore,
When twenty-three, tho' now fourscore.
Alas! we have no doctors nigh
To save us thus, so we must die.
There Horace,* in his usual way,
Instructs with tales like honest Gay;
A Roman had two sons, it seems,
For instance just like Dick and James;
To each he gives with prudent care,
Of his estate an equal share.
And feeling Death's relentless stroke,
Thus briefly to his children spoke:
My dearest Dick, when I survey'd
Your playthings broken and decay'd,
And given to the first you met,
Or lost or stolen without regret:
And you, dear James, with boding fear,
Hide yours in holes with anxious care,
I greatly fear'd that both your minds
Were ting'd with ills of diff'rent kinds,
Lest Dick should soon a spendthrift turn,
And James with love of money burn:
But hear a dying sire's advice,
It 's short yet worth a wond'rous price,
Your wealth 's enough, ne'er make it less,
Nor greater, nor for honour press,
Nor bribe a sycophant for praise,
Nor swell with pride at vulgar gaze,
And if your passions you must prove,
It 's not a crime to fall in love.
Here Tacitus† vile wars relates,
And customs of barbarick states;
How ladies of true German blood,
To friends while fighting handed food;
Urg'd them to fight with might and main,
To die, or victory obtain;
Then, if their scars are all before,
They chant their praise from shore to shore;
But when base wounds deform their backs
They wish them stretched out on racks.
A truce—the writing 's now begun,
Be silent, what! already done?
Thus hold the pen, what shabby stuff,
Your paper 's spoil'd from rolling snuff.
Home now I run with eager speed,
Burnet's copious tracts to read;
But feeling soon my thoughts adrift,
I seek a little ease from Swift,
His wit my spirits soon recalls,
When, dinner sir, John loudly bawls:
I run with more than usual pace,
But not in time to hear the grace.

(To be continued.)

* Vide Cæsar's speech in Sallust.
† Vide Nepos' Life of Atticus and Plutarch.
‡ Vide Terence. Eunuch. Act 4. Scene 2.
|| Vide Ovid's Meta. Book 7. Table 2.

* Sat. 3. Book 2. line 168. † De moribus Germanorum.

The Price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Published for the Editor at the N. East Corner of Second in Dock-Street, Philadelphia.

PRINTED BY T. SMITH & J. MAXWELL.